

The Cliche

by Steve-0

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Summary: Now chapterized for your enjoyment. The Original Cliche story Parts 1-7 part 2. This is the one that started it all. Don't miss this historic fic.

1. The Cliche

Animorphs

Author's Note: I decided to take a small break from stories that were serious, and somewhat made sense to bring you this terrible fanfic about all those loveable fanfic clichés. For example a new Animorph, who happens to have the same name as the author joins. Or one of the most favorite everybody dies. This story is not Just the way I like them, so enjoy.....

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Animorphs

The Cliché

>

Introduction

My name is Steve-0, I could tell you my last name if I so as well choose, because I don't fear the Yeerks. You see I am more powerful than the Ellimist and the Crayak put together, so why the hell should I be afraid of a bunch of slugs. I belong to an ancient alien race known as Fanfic Writers. We have the power to shape reality, change time lines, and of course **kill things.** This is my story.

****Chapter 1****

Jake, Cassie, Marco, Ax, and Rachel were all gathered in their usually meeting place to discuss there next attack against the Yeerks.

"Where's Tobias?" Rachel asked.

He's out hunting for breakfast. Ax informed.

"At five o'clock in the afternoon?" Rachel asked.

What do you humans say about the early bird getting the worm? Ax asked.

"That is what we say, Ax, but Hawks eat mice not worms." Cassie said, taking a yak's temperature with a rectal thermometer.

"So what the plan, fearless leader." Marco said.

"Well I figure we'd work on destroying the Kandrona, by going to a Sharing Meeting, and invading a yeerk pool." Jake said matter-of-factly.

Won't that be incredibly dangerous, Prince Jake? Ax asked.

"Yes, but if we pull it off we can destroy the Yeerks for good." Jake said.

"Let's do it." Rachel said.

"Did you even hear what Jake said?" Marco asked her.

"No, but I'm sure it was dangerous and life-threatening." Rachel said. Marco rolled his eyes.

"So how do you plan on us pulling this off, Jake?" Marco asked. Jake didn't answer. Instead he just looked at the small lab rat that strolled in.

Hey gang, remember me? A familiar thought-spoken voice asked.

"David!" Everyone exclaimed at the same time.

"How did you get off the island?" Cassie asked.

Oh the big animal expert, wants to know how I got here. David said mockingly. Rat's can swim, moron. Not very well, but at least we don't sink. It took me this long to swim back here, and now that I am I'm going to alert the first Controller I see about your little secret. David threatened, as he scurried out the barn door. Before he got more than a yard away, a large shadow of a bird loomed over him.

Aaaaaaughhh! He screamed, as the talons of a hawk ripped him in half. The bird then devoured him quickly.

Hello everyone, what did I miss? Tobias asked, as he preened the last

bits of David from his feathers. The others gaped at him with horror.

What? You've seen me eat before." Tobias noted.

"You just ate David." Rachel explained.

Oh. Tobias shrugged, the best way a hawk could shrug, that is. Hey Ax, there's a spaceship outside. I was flying around, looking for food when suddenly I crashed into this big spaceship outside. That's why I was so late. Tobias explained. He then flew over to Jake, and gave him a small piece of paper.

I brought a note. Tobias said.

"Tobias, this is just a blank sheet of paper." Jake noted.

Yeah, apparently hawks can't write. Tobias said somewhat embarrassed.

****Chapter 2****

****"Steve-0**"**

I heard voices outside my spacecraft, which I had ingeniously parked in a barren field. I held my ear to the door to hear better.

"Okey people, Ax said that this doesn't look like an Andalite Spacecraft, so we should do battle-morphs." I heard someone say. That didn't sound good. I ran to the intercom part of the ship.

"Uh..I come in peace." I said.

That's a really stupid sounding alien. Marco noted.

I opened the door. Instead of humans, I saw a bear, a gorilla, a tiger, a horse, a rattlesnake, and a wolf. "This is odd." I said as I scratched my head.

Ax, that thing looks human. Cassie said.

It's probably a trick. Everyone be wary. Jake commanded.

"Yikes! Talking animals!" I cried jumping back into my ship.

Oh brother, who is this guy? Rachel asked.

"I'm Steve-0, I've come to deliver a message from the Andalites." I tried to explain.

Steve-0? That's not an Andalite name. Ax said.

"Okey I'm only a quarter-Andalite." I explained.

I think he's a quarter thin of a full load. Marco replied.

So what's this message? Are they coming or not? Cassie asked.

"Who?" I asked.

THE ANDALITES!! Everyone cried in unison.

"Oh yeah, Let me read you their message:

'Dear Aximilli, and Human Companions,

We regret to tell you that Z-space travel has been backed up by intergalactic travel due to the 13 o'clock Rush. We should be arriving the Milky Way Galaxy in a day or so. To compensate for our inconvenience we have sent you our experimental prototype Steve-0. Steve-0 was genetically created in our labs to resemble a human being, but have the mind of an Andalite. Unfortunately the human body does not react well to Andalite intelligence, and we had to mark our project a huge as a embarrassing failure. Please take him off hands until we return to Earth.

Our deepest apologies,

The Andalites.'" Everyone demorphed as I folded up the message, and began to eat it so it wouldn't fall into the Yeerks hands. As I chewed on the last piece, I remembered the Yeerks didn't have hands. So I tried my best to regurgitate it. The others watched me strangely, probably wondering how I came up with the brilliant plan to bring the note back.

"Wait a minute, the Andalites are late, and so to make it better they send us a genetic mishap to get us into more trouble?" Rachel asked Ax impatiently.

I guess so, maybe the Andalites think that since you all are human, you would know how to handle him.

"That would be logical, if this guy was a human. But he's a moron!" Marco yelled. At that time I had my hand almost all the way down my throat. Cassie rolled her eyes.

I'm not familiar with that species. Ax noted. Just then a huge shadow loomed over the field.

"It's the Blade Ship!" Jake cried.

Don't worry I'll stop it! Tobias volunteered bravely. He flew towards the windshield of the massive ship, and began pecking the glass with all his might. Before anyone could warn him a huge mechanical flyswatter reached out from the center of the ship, and crushed Tobias's bird body in a mass of blood and feathers.

"Tobias!" Rachel screamed. I could tell by the foam coming from her mouth that she had snapped. She was soon jumping wildly at The Blade Ship and swatting her hands. This to me seemed like a good idea at the time, so I joined her.

A voice boomed from the ship.

So, the Andalite Bandits are really humans. Visser 3 called mockingly. I caught the little Andalite ship on my radar, and decided to check it out. Now I'm afraid there is no escape, all of you will die, and there's nothing you can do about it. The Visser laughed, as the bottom of the ship opened, exposing a Dracon beam the size of Cassie's barn.

I'M AFRAID I CAN'T LET YOU DO THAT. A voice from the sky said. Two clouds parted exposing a large red eye.

Crayak! What are you doing here? Visser 3 cried.

I'M AFRAID I HAVE SOME BAD NEWS FOR YOU AND YOUR RACE. THE ELLIMIST AND I BET YOU ON AN ARM WRESTLING CONTEST, AND I HAVE, UNFORTUNATELY LOST. I'VE BEEN SENT HERE TO DESTROY YOU.

You can't do that! You and the Ellimist aren't allowed to interfere like that, and besides I have a 60 book contract with K.A.Applegate, damnit! Visser 3 argued.

I'M SORRY. A BET'S A BET.

I'll sue, you bastards! I swear I'll sue! Visser 3 cursed, but it was all in vain. With a blink of an eye, both the Crayak and the Blade Ship were gone.

"That was pretty weird." Jake said.

"I guess we won." Cassie noted.

"Not quite." I said pulling out a Dracon beam.

"Steve-0?" Marco asked confused.

"Wrong, I'm Steve-0's evil twin brother, Steve-1. You see I lied about who I really was to gain your trust, so I could enjoy killing you better. My brother and I are not what you think we are." I explained.

You're not an Andalite experiment? Ax asked.

"I'm afraid not. We are far more advanced than any race you've ever dreamed of. We are known as Fanfic Writer's. We seek out ordinary species like yourselves, and twist their world's apart. Now enough with the chit-chat, it's time to do what all our species like to do." I said as I shot fried each and everyone of them.

"HAHAHAHAHAHAHA!" I laughed evilly at the sky over the charred bodies of the Animorphs.

****CHAPTER 3****

*****"The real Steve-0."** ******

I awoke, with the sheets drenched in sweat. Visions of that terrible story still flashed vaguely in my head.

"Whew it was only a dream." I said to myself, as I walked sleepily towards the kitchen to pour myself some cereal. As I was half-way through breakfast I noticed the computer was still on. I walked cautiously towards my desk. There on the screen was a titled WordPerfect document. It read:

Animorphs

"The Click&©"

I screamed in terror, and dashed towards the tool closet. I pulled out a hammer, and smashed in the screen. It was the only way to ensure a story like that is safe from the public.

****THE END****

****Epilogue****

1 3/4.

BWA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA.

2. The Next Degeneration

> <meta name="Generator"> Animorphs **

Animorphs

The Cliché 2

"The Next Degeneration"

Author's Note: LET ME MAKE THIS CLEAR!!!!!! THIS STORY WAS NOT CREATED TO OFFEND ANYBODY! I feel that all of you are very creative writers, except for whoever wrote that damn 1 ¾ story. I write these fics because this is my sick, twisted way of complimenting you. That and it's an easy way to get a high rating. So after I write this I hope I don't end up reading another editorial against my story, that ends up getting more readers the story the editorial is about. Now on with the debauchery

Chapter 1

"My name is Jake. I can't tell you anything else because if I do they will kill me. Who is theyâ€|."

"Dude, shut up!" Marco grumbled.

"Hey wait a minute! I thought I was the first person in this first person story! Didn't KAA write your book last month?" Rachel asked somewhat annoyed.

"Yes, but KAA isn't writing this story. This is a fanfic." Jake corrected.

Actually it's a sequel to a fanfic about fanfics, Prince Jake. Ax corrected.

"Well actually I think it should be Tobias should be the first person." Rachel announced.

"Oh yeah because there is such a shortage of Tobias fanfiction

stories out there. Besides the only reason you want Tobias to host this story is because if it he does, you'll still be the main topic." Marco noted.

Rachel just feels sorry for me because all you guys get a book about you published every five months, and I have to share my annual spot with Ax. Oh and because I'm trapped as a hawk. Tobias grumbled.

"Hey you guys. Is it just me, or do you remember dying in the first story." Cassie noted the others looked at her confused.

"Yeah so what's your point?" Marco finally said.

"How the hell do you write a sequel when you killed everybody in the original! And then destroyed your computer."

"Cassie, if you remember the author was completely insane, and also very idiotic. Anything is possible." Rachel rolled her eyes.

"Yeah I downloaded that ClickÃ© story off the Internet. It didn't make much sense. So I doubt this one well be very clever either."

**HEY I TAKE OFFENSE TO THAT!** A voice boomed.

The Ellimist? Ax wondered.

No, look at the text. It's underlined, italicized, capitalized and in bold print. The Ellimist is a bit more humble.

"Well someone sure thinks highly of themselves." Marco said.

**_

HEY MARCO DID I EVER TELL YOU HOW FUNNY YOU WERE IN THESE STORIES?

_**

"No."

**_

GOOD.

_**

Marco flushed with anger. "I hope you get Carpal Tunnel Syndrome!"

**

NOW MY LITTLE MY LITTLE ANIMORPHS. I'M SURE YOU ARE ALL FAMILIAR WITH SEEROW'S TIME MATRIX.

**

"It's just 'Time Matrix,'** **dipshit, don't you ever research before you write?" Rachel asked.

WELL I INVENTED THE FIC MATRIX.

Suddenly a tiny eight ball rolled across the floor and hit Jake in the foot.

"Ow! What's this for plot filler?" Jake asked.

**

JUST PICK IT UP AND SHAKE IT.

**

Jake did so, and the animorphs we're suddenly sucked inside.

**

Chapter 2

**

Jake was in Cassie's barn dressed in a nazi outfit. Cassie was ordering around a slave. And Marco started bragging about his high score on Pac-Man.

Snap out of it you guys! We're in another story!" Tobias said trying to pry himself from a stranger girl named Melissa's loving embrace.

Yes it appears we've stepped into an alternative version an actual book. Interesting. Ax said.

"Oh the old what if plotline. This one must be about Megamorphs 3." Cassie noted.

You mean we're trapped in an alternate dimension about an alternate timeline.

"Tobias you need to lay off the sci-fi channel." Cassie said.

Which brings me to my next question how the hell does Ax get cable in the middle of the forest?

"We'll take that up with KAA, when we get back home." Jake said.

TOBIAS.

Oh great here comes the Ellimist.

WHAT DO YOU WANT MORE THAN ANYTHING IN THE WORLD.

"To know how the author can get away by having the Ellimist show up right out of the blue."

That's easy to be with Rachel. Tobias rolled his hawk eyes. If hawks are able to roll their eyes. Suddenly in a puff of smoke a human form stepped out.

"Rachel?" Cassie said confused.

Tobias coughed and looked at his feminine human body. "I said to be with Rachel not to be Rachel."

"I like this story!" Marco said looking Tobias up and down.

"Let's shake the eightball again before this story become pornographic." Cassie said as she snatched the Fic Matrix from Jake. She gave it a shake, and the Animorphs were sucked into it again.

**

Chapter 2

**

The Animorphs returned back to normal. Well except for the fact that they were now in their early thirties, the city was in ruins and Ax was missing.

"Oh my god! Is that a wrinkle?" Rachel cried out. Looking into her compact.

Oh I get it. Post-apocalyptic glimpse of the future story. Tobias said.

"Again, no idea what the hell the bird is talking about." Marco said.

"Tobias is talking about a story that takes place in the future, after KAA's contract expires. This still doesn't explain where Ax is?"

Ax is no more, Jake. Only Visser 1. An adult, and sinister version of Ax.

"Great Ax is Visser 1. Now our identities are exposed." Cassie said.

"Well, at least he's not calling me 'Prince Jake.'"

"Don't worry we'll protect you!" Came a group of young voices from behind. A small group of children in spandex formed a line front of the Animorphs

"Who are you?"

"We're the second generation of Animorphs. Our team is made up of Rachel and Tobias's offspring, and Cassie and Jake's offspring."

"What about my offspring?" Marco asked.

"Yeah right, Marco. Like anyone could love your character." One of the kids said.

"Ouch, that was harsh." Marco sulked.

Enough chitchat. I shall have my Robotic Animorph Clones destroy you all! Visser 1 said.

"Okay there are too many damn Animorphs in this story!" Just then an Andalite ship landed. Five different species of aliens in morphing outfits stepped out.

"We are the Animorph Alliance! We will stop you yeerk scum!" They proclaimed.

Oh yeah! Well my army of evil genetically created Animorphs will stop you!

"Not so fast!" A group of people said.

"Melissa Chapman?" Rachel asked

"Tom?" Jake inquired.

"Toby?" Cassie mused.

"Loren?" Tobias questioned.

"Elfangor?" Marco wondered.

"Yes, we the Animorphs made up of minor characters in the book." Said Tom.

"Oh brother," Jake said.

You think you have me out numbered. I'll bring out the scourge of all Animorph rip-offs. The cast from Ani-TV. Visser 1 laughed maniacally.

"Okay, that's one too many Animorphs for me. Shake that ball and let's get out of here." Rachel said.

**

Chapter 3

**

Marco shook the ball. The Animorphs were brought back to their own town.

"Is everybody here?" Jake asked.

"Yes." Cassie answered doing a head count.

"Is everyone normal." Jake asked.

"Uh-huh" Rachel answered.

"Great I think this stupid ordeal is over." Jake said.

"Jake?" Marco said looking off into the distance. "Is it just me or does everyone else see Sailor Moon and Captain Kirk fighting Luke Skywalker and the Backstreet Boys." Marco asked.

Ugh, a cross-over story! Let's not even go into that one. Give me that ball. Tobias said as he lunged towards and picked it up with his talons.

Tobias you won't be able to shake it! You don't have hands! Ax warned, but by that time the eightball's odd shape had cause Tobias to drop it, and it shattered on the concrete. Suddenly the Animorphs were back to where they were before Steve-0 had come up with this complete waste of time.

Steve-0 watched from his magic crystal computer screen, at his failure to drive the Animorphs off the deep end.

**_

NEXT TIME YOU WON'T BE SO LUCKY. DON'T THINK THIS IS THE END, ANIMORPHS. I'LL MAKE AN ENTIRE CLICHÉ% CHRONICLES IF I HAVE TOO.

_**

YOU HAVEN'T SEEN THE LAST OF ME_. I WILL DESTROY YOU!** I WILL DESTROY You. I will oh crap I'm losing my greatness text. I must end the story before I fade into obscurity.**_

_**

THE END?

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3. The Final Parody...Hopefully

> <meta name="Generator"> THE CLICHÉ% 3

Another boring Author's note: Over the past couple stories, we have come to one major conclusion. For an 18-year-old Animorph fanfic writer my grammar sucks. Sentence fragments, double negatives, I could care less. Well I hope you enjoy the 3rd absurdist parody of the fan-fiction you bled and sweat over. And they said Visser 3 was bad. J You asked for it and without further adieuâ€¦|.

THE CLICHÉ% 3

**

"THE FINAL PARODYâ€¦|Hopefully"

** **

CHAPTER 1

**

My name is Steve-0, I can't tell you where I'm writing this from, because they'll find me. Who are they? The yeerks? Ha, I wish. At least I could step on one of them. I'm talking about those five crazy youths, which can go from being normal hormone-charged teenagers to abnormally charged ferrets. Let me explain apparently the god-like powers I've inherited from being a fanfic writer has enabled me to be socially excepted by the other insanely powerful characters in the Animorph books. I found this out after receiving an invitation to a Garden Club meeting held by the Ellimist. So it was me, the Ellimist, Crayak, the Drode, and some guy named Bob, whose job was to keep order and balance in the universe were all sitting around the patio table, drinking tea, and playing UNO.

"SO THEN I SENT THEM TO A FANFIC WHERE EVERY TYPE OF ANIMORPH WAS FIGHTING THE YEERKS. HAHAAAA." I said.

"YAWN. BIG DEAL I SENT THEM TO A PLANET INHABITED BY A BUNCH OF VOYUERISTIC ALIENS WHO BUY PEOPLE'S PERSONAL MEMORIES AND THEN BROADCAST THEM." Crayak mused.

"PAPPERAZZIES?" I asked.

"UMMÂ€|NO." Crayak answered.

"SO WHAT DO YOU HAVE IN STORE FOR OUR LITTLE PAWNS, TODAY?" The Ellimist asked.

"I DON'T KNOW I THINK I'LL FORCE THEM TO READ ALL THE FANFICS THAT WERE RATED LESS THEN 2.0."

"THAT'S JUST PLAIN DEVIOUS!" The Crayak explained.

"I KNOW. I'LL GET STARTED RIGHT AWAY." I laughed, and then quickly vanished.

"YOU KNOW CRAYAK, I'VE BEEN MEANING TO GET EVEN WITH HIM EVER SINCE HE KILLED ME IN THE KANDRONIAN CHRONICLES."*(_Shameless plug.)_ The Ellimist said.

"YES, I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN. I, TOO HAVE BEEN SEEKING REVENGE AGAINST OUR YOUNG FRIEND EVER SINCE THE CLICHÃ% 1. * (_Another shameless plug.)_ LIKE YOU COULD EVER BEAT ME IN ARM WRESTLING." The Crayak agreed.

"ACTUALLY I COULD, SINCE YOU DON'T SEEM TO HAVE ANY ARMS. NOW A STARING CONTEST THAT'S A DIFFERENT STORY." The Ellimist said.

"Umm, why the hell am I in this story again?" The Drode asked.

"Plot filler." Bob, the universal janitor, answered.

"SO WHAT I THINK WE SHOULD DO IS. AS LONG AS STEVE-0 LOSES HIS ABILITY TO WRITE, THEN HE ALSO LOSES HIS POWERS OVER REALITY." The Ellimist continued.

"RIGHT, SO HOW DO WE GET THIS OVERGROWN CHIMP WITH A KEYBOARD TO STOP WRITING?" Crayak asked.

"I ALREADY GOT THAT FIGURED OUT." The Ellimist smiled.

**

CHAPTER 2

Meanwhile at Cassie's Barn

**

"HAHAHAHA AND THEN YOU CLICK ON THE STORY, AND ALL THAT IS WRITTEN IS 1/4. ISN'T THAT FUNNY!"

"Uhno." Jake said seriously.

"YES IT IS! IT'S FUNNY BECAUSE IT'S STUPID."

"Much like your _Click_ stories." Rachel added.

"OH THAT DOES IT, RACHEL. I'M MAKING AN OFFICIAL AUTHOR'S DECREE."

"What's that?" Rachel asked Marco.

"I don't know, and I bet you he doesn't know either." Marco whispered.

"MARCO, MARCO, MARCO, YOU'LL ALWAYS BE MY LEAST FAVORITE ANIMORPH."

"I suppose Tobias is your favorite because you both have bird brains." Marco retorted.

Hey, watch it! I don't want to be put up on the same intellectual level of this idiot! Tobias cried.

So what is your decree? Ax asked.

"FROM NOW ON RACHEL'S CATCH PHRASE WILL NO LONGER BE 'LET'S DO IT.' INSTEAD SHE WILL SAY 'TALLYHOE' WHEN ENTERING A DANGEROUS SITUATION."

"Tallyho?" Marco made a face.

"Are you insane!" Rachel yelled.

"NO, THAT'S MARCO'S CATCH PHRASE."

Suddenly the barn roof opened up and a giant bottle of Writer's Block SPF 400 came from the clouds.

"What the hell is that! And what the hell are doing to my garage!?" Cassie screamed at me.

"I'M not doing it!" I said innocently. Suddenly the Writer's block squirted all over me.

"Aurrgggglosingcreativity." I moaned and fell to my knees.

"What creativity?" Jake said darkly.

"I think my author powers are gone!" I yelled horribly.

So, basically you're stuck here. Tobias noted.

"Unfortunately." I said.

"And you can't force us to do stupid things anymore?" Cassie asked.

"Yeah." I said solemnly.

And your immortality is probably gone too. Ax said.

"Uh huh."

"Well then Tallyho, you fanfic piece of crap!" Rachel cried as she swung an ax at me. I didn't dodge quickly enough and my head rolled across the floor of the barn.

"Rachel you didn't half to kill him!" Cassie cried.

Don't worry Cassie I don't think he's really dead. You see Steve-0, survives only on bad fanfiction, as long as there are people out there who write really crappy fanfiction Steve-0 will always be alive.

"So if reads this pile of crap here he should be revived." Marco said. Everybody laughed, and then ate cinnamon buns.

4. The Revenge of Steve-0

> <meta name="Generator"> Author's Note: High C flat **

Author's Note: High C flat.

The ClichÃ© 4

"The Revenge of Steve-0"

CHAPTER 1

**__

_Continued from ClichÃ© 3: _Steve-0 lay alone in a pool of his own blood. It had been two full hours since the Ellimist and Crayak stripped him of his writing powers by covering him with Writer's Block. This left him at the mercy of the Animorphs, who later destroyed Steve-0 forever ending his reign of terrorâ€|or so it seemed.

"I must refuel." Steve-0 moaned lightly as he weakly pulled out a tiny computer from his pocket. He winced in pain as he clicked his way to Fanfiction.net.

"Must look at the lowest rated fanfiction. Hmmâ€|Metaphors. Looks promising." He clicked on the story. "A-ha, this story has absolutely nothing to do with the Animorphs, and appears to be nothing but a bunch of nonsense ramblings about nothing!" Steve-0 felt himself getting stronger. "I must have more. Yes, a story written in all

caps! The grammar and spelling is horrible, and the whole story is about as long as the Animorph TV actor's talent. MORE!" Steve-0 furiously started scanning through the low rated stories. "Ewww! Incest story! GROSS!" Steve-0 felt the power coursing through his veins. "1 ¼, hehehehe. **Oh, here's one that has no html formatting, wonderful!" **Steve-0 stood up, he was now strong enough to move around, but he needed more. **"The Kandrona Chronicles Part 4, What are they doing here? Yes I found it! The Cliché 3!" **Steve-o began to glow with pure energy.

**_

"NOW THE WRATH OF STEVE-0 SHALL BEGIN!"

_**

"Okay, that was a little over the top. Let's tone it down a bit." Steve-0 transported himself to the Ellimist and Crayaks area of space. They were laughing and bragging to each other about their evil trick to Bob, the Universal Janitor.

"THEN RACHEL TAKES THIS AX, AND LOPS OFF HIS HEAD. IT WAS GREAT!" The Crayak explained. Bob just nodded incoherently.

**"Hello, boys. Miss me?" **Steve-0 said as he materialized out of Bob's mop bucket.

"IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!" The Ellimist cried. Steve-0 flipped over Bob's chair and poked out the Crayak's big red eye.

"YOU CAN'T POSSIBLY HOPE YOU CAN DEFEAT US." The Crayak cried as he covered his eye.

**

"I'm a fanfic writer, I can do what ever I want. I can turn Cassie into a homicidal maniac. I can make Rachel have Jake's baby. I can even write an animorphs poem.

I may not be good at poetry

So with parodies I must stay

But you don't have to worry

Because I torched your contract with K.A.A."

**

Just then the Crayak and the Ellimist started to disappear.

"LOOKS LIKE Its BACK TO THE OMNIPOTENT BEINGS UNEMPLOYMENT LINE." The Ellimist yelled as he quickly disintegrated along with the Crayak. Steve-0 turned his attention towards Bob.

**"Luckily, the public seems to love you. So I can't kill you off.

But as punishment you will be forced to become the mascot of all my stories." **Steve-0 said. Bob nodded incoherently.

**"Good, Now I have other business to attend to." **Steve-0 stepped back into Bob's mop bucket and dematerialized.

**

> CHAPTER 2<p> **

Meanwhileâ€¦|

Jake, Marco, Rachel, Tobias, Cassie, and Ax were in their battle morphs during a heated battle with the Yeerks in the Hork-Bajir forest.

Damn, this is a tough fight. Tobias said, as he dodged a blast from a Dracon Beam.

I agree, but at least things seem to be back to normal. Cassie noted.

If you can call fighting aliens normal. Marco noted, as he punched a hork-bajir controller with his large gorilla fists.

I believe Cassie is referring to the death of that fanfic writer, Marco. Ax said.

I agree, I'd much rather be fighting Yeerks, than reliving really bad fanfiction. We just have to remember to thank the Ellimist for getting rid of what's his name. Jake said as he tackled a human controller in his tiger morph.

Tallyho! You mean Steve-0. Rachel said.

**"Did I hear somebody say my name." **Steve-0 appeared in the trees as time stopped.

Oh great. Marco complained. It's the fanfic sell-out. Don't you have any artistic integrity at all?

**

"Why Marco whatever could you mean."

**

I mean instead of writing some wonderful serious fanfiction, you embezzle your high ratings by writing these silly little cliché stories.

**

"I see what you mean, but writing serious stories is so boring. I'd much rather write these."

**

I understand where you coming from, but why pick on us? The Animorphs is a children's book series, you're like 22. Cassie said.

**

"I'm 18."

**

Whatever, I'm just saying you need to grow up.

**

" Hey I don't need to take this. I'm bigger and stronger than you are. Respect your Elders! I'm going to teach you all a lesson."

**

Oh god, what are you going to do kill us. It's been done. When will you damn writers learn that! Rachel yelled.

**"You don't get it. It's my duty." **Steve-0 said as he caused a gun to materialize in his hand.

NO, STEVE-0 YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. It was Bob, the Universal Janitor. With ninja-like reflexes he hurled a large sponge at Steve-0, and Steve-0 was sucked inside it.

Thank-you, sir. You saved our butts.

FORGET ABOUT IT. YOU SEE IF STEVE-0 KILLED YOU, THERE WOULD BE NO ROOM FOR THE CLICHÉ 5, AND I JUST GOT SIGNED AS A NEW CHARACTER.

Who are you? Ax asked.

MY NAME IS BOB€|

**

END

**

5. Another Shameless Sequel

> <meta name="Generator"> THE CLICHÉ 5 **

THE CLICHÉ 5

Another Shameless Sequel

Author's Note: I decided to show some respect by actually putting

some of the fanfic writers names in this story. If I misspell anybody's name, don't worry about it. It's 5:00AM and I haven't had any sleep, be glad you're in the friggin' story at all!

CHAPTER 1

**

"My name is Steve-0 and I'm a fan-fic-aholic." I said in a room full of fanfic writers like me. Bob was there for moral support, and the fact that I killed his Bridge partners, The Drode, The Ellimist, and The Crayak. So he didn't have anything better to do on a weekend. "I really did want to quit, but now I've written ten fanfics not even counting the ones I did for Sailor Moon. I blame it all on The Cliché 2."

"Now we can't blame our troubles on our fanfics." Said Forlay one of the elder writers.

"I can. Oh sure I tried to quit. I could be out looking for a job, instead of staying up all night, downing Dr. Pepper, and writing pages and pages worth absolutely no monetary value."

"So when do you think this problem started?" Utahraptor asked.

"It all started after The Cliché 2. That was my baby. After that I was going to quit, you know disappear when I'm at my peak. Instead of sucking my way to oblivion." Steve-0

said solemnly.

"Don't be so hard on yourself." Ruby said.

"I'm not. The Cliché 2 was a masterpiece, the people were demanding more. So I wrote The Cliché 3, and I felt a little Steve-0 die in me. The only thing that saved it was Bob, and 4 I actually tried to make as good as two, but I my fonts were set too high, and again I used Bob to bail me out again. I have become a sell-out!"

"So you hit a slump, you'll bounce back." Pinto said.

"I don't know. Now I got that _damn_ Guardian and his/her _damn_ Anidumbpeoples story to contend with, and I don't think I can do it. I used all the good jokes in my other stories. Plus, there are hardly any bad fanfics out there, unless you count those Something Stupid stories, which I can't even attempt to make a parody of, because I can't make out the toilet-humor ramblings to make out a plot."

"What about Metamorphs?" Dragonesse asked.

"Oh yeah, and what is it with everyone wanting to be a parody writer now. It wouldn't bug me if they didn't use the word 'cliché' in all their titles! That's my word _damnit!_"

"Well at least you can try to win back some respect in the Cliché 5." Aniblaire said.

"Are you kidding have you read what I've written so far!?!? It sucks ass! I wish I'd never wrote fanfiction!" Suddenly the room disappeared and Bob and I were floating in a vortex.

"The Ellimist?" I looked at Bob.

"No worse, the Webmaster!" Bob cowered.

STEVE-0,

"Yes all mighty allower of posting?"

MY FORM MUST FRIGHTEN YOU SO I SHALL TAKE THE SHAPE OF FIDO, THE FANFICTION..NET'S MASCOT.

"Whatever you wish, bringer of fanfics."

"You can stop kissing up now." Fido said.

"Oh yes, Master of HTML."

"Listen, I have come to grant you your wish. I shall delete every fic you have submitted, therefore, erasing the memories of all who have read them."

"You can do that?" Steve-0 asked.

"I can do anything. I'm a webmaster. Now gaze into my magic crystal bone, and see what life would be like if you never been born."

"uh, you mean submitted a fanfiction." Steve-0 corrected.

"Whatever." Steve-0 gazed into Fido's crystal bone.

"Nothing has changed." Steve-0 answered.

"That's right, you've just learned the most important lesson of all. You're opinions don't mean shit! If you quit writing nobody would care, they'll just read Anidumbpeople when they want to laugh." Fido said.

"You're right! I'm going to quit right now!" Steve-0 cried.

"Good for you!" Fido said as he walked off. When Fido turned the corner the animorphs were there to greet him. Fido dropped his hologram to expose his true form as Erek the Chee.

"Did it work?" Jake asked.

"I don't think Steve-0 will be bothering us anymore." Erek laughed.

"Finally, things can get back to normal around here." Cassie sighed in relief.

They all laughed, and headed back home, little did they know Steve-0 was watching them in the shadows plotting his next move.

"Nice try my pretties, but next time you won't be so lucky."

**

THE END?

**

6. This Thing is Gitting Worse Than Those D...

The Cliché 6

Author's Note: I know, I know I'm supposed to be retired, and out looking for a real job, i.e., one that pays. But, I just can't help it I miss you guys, so without further ado . . .

>

The Cliché 6

"This is Getting Worse than Those Damn Horror Movie Sequels"

>

>

It was a dark, and stormy night, I was sitting alone at home watching reruns of the Animorph TV show. (Boo, hiss. I'm going to hell for that.) It had been years (well at least days) since I'd given up fanfic writing for good, and life has been easy, or at least unproductive. That is until the fateful day I got a letter in the mail.

>

Dear Steve-0,

This letter is to let you know that your omnipotent fanfiction power registry has expired. Please write another fanfic, or you will be forced to be remembered as the no-talent hack that you really are. In order to do so, you must write an original fan-fiction that everybody will love.

We also regret to inform you that your membership fees are way overdue, and we're going to repossess the Magic 8-ball.

Thank-you,

Fanfiction.net

>

Suddenly, the Drode appeared wearing a uniform with the Fanfiction. Net logo on it. He took the 8-ball off the mantle, and placed it into a Titanium suitcase. "I thought you worked for the Crayak?" I asked him as he carried my most prized possession away.

"I did, but this pays better. So you have to write a Registration Renewal Story, huh?" He asked.

"Yeah, and it has to be original they said." I told him.

"So that means none of that cliché@ crap you usually write." The Drode stated.

"Why's that? That was an original idea." I argued.

"_Was_ an original idea, but now thanks to you there are more humor stories out there than there are serious stories about the Animorphs."

"Really?"

"Yes and you know what that means, there aren't any serious stories to make fun of. I mean you could make fun of a humorous story, but don't you think that's a little monotonous? Well I can chat forever, why don't you talk to one of the other authors." The Drode said as he went out the door.

"Aren't you going to disappear?" I called out to him.

"I would but our special effects budget was cut, in order to put a sauna in the main office." The Drode called as he ran across the street. As he was halfway across, I began to wonder if my omnipotent fanfic powers were still in tact. I closed my eyes, and concentrated really hard. Then

The Drode was run over by a tractor trailer. I smiled. "Ah still got it." I said to myself as I walk back inside.

I sat down at my computer and began to write. Suddenly there was a loud knock at the door.

I casually walked to the door, and slowly opened it. I was pushed into the corner as hundreds of fanfic writers piled into my apartment.

"What's going on!?" I shouted above their loud chattering.

Forlay stepped out of the crowd, apparently she had been asked to lead this group of misfits. She cleared her throat and stated.

"Upon hearing that you were writing another self-insertion fiction, we came to request that we be put in it."

"All of you?" I asked in disbelief.

"Yes, why shouldn't we all be in it. We've inserted you into countless self insertion fanfics, and you haven't even wrote a story in six months! All you ever do is pop in every once and a while and give feeble opinion." Forlay explained.

"True, but when ever I'm in one of those fanfics, I usually get dropped from the sky, killed, or married to Fishie." I said in my defense.

"You're lucky you're in them at all!" Forlay stated.

"Very well. I'll see what I can do." I said in defeat. Utahraptor;) clapped her hands and the room was empty again. I sat back at the

computer and started to write again, when there was another knock at the door. A man in a black suit and a briefcase pushed his way inside.

"Are you Steve-0?" He asked.

"Listen if this is about that little stint over having a hundred crates of old dead fish sent to the White House, I just want you to know..." The man cut me short, and handed me a slip of paper.

"What's this?" I asked.

"A subpoena, K.A. Applegate is suing you for slander. I'm her attorney Ben Sued of the law firm Ripemoff and Screwim. Did you or did you not write a number of fanfics, that made fun of my client's book series?" The lawyer asked.

"Yes, but they were just parodies. You can't sue me!" I said panicky.

"Sir, this is the nineties. We can sue the Pope if we wanted to." He replied.

"I'm sorry to hear that." I said snapping my fingers.

"Why? Do you think you'll lose?" He asked. A dark shadow loomed above him.

"No, I'm sorry because now I have to kill you in a hideous, but funny way." I said.

Suddenly the shadow became a Hork-Bajir, and cut him into tiny pieces.

"That wasn't funny..." He moaned as the Hork-Bajir started stomping on him.

"Wait for it....." The Hork-Bajir pulled out a sign that said 1 3/4, and I began to laugh hysterically. Now the lawyer was gone, the Drode was gone, and the writers had left. I sat back down to the computer and typed. An hour later I was finished with another cliché story just as lame as the others. I sent it in, got my 8 ball back, and every one lived happily ever after....except for the people that died, because that kind of sucked.

>

>

THE END

7. This is the Last One, I swear!

The Cliche 7

>"This is the Last One, I swear!"

>part 1

>It's been nearly two years since the cliché epidemic started. It was a joyous festive time, filled with self-insertions, inside jokes, and

of course mindless violence, but like all things the era had come to an end. Probably forgotten about like Prince's career. And upon the eve of the Animorphs end, some authors have given up hope completely, others still hang on to what story ideas they have left, and as for me...I'm locked up inside a magic 8-ball with Bob the Universal Janitor, who hasn't showered in a long, long time.
"Help! Help! Somebody let us out! There's bad fics being written I can smell the typing!" I yelled banging on the wall.

>"It's no use, boss. Nobody even remembers you, all the authors you use to know had either grown up or quit writing." Bob informed me. "And it's all your own fault too. If you hadn't stopped writing and going to the Animorph section of Fanfiction.Net none of this would have happened."
"But I'm a Ranma 1/2 fanfic writer now." I whined.

>"Oh yeah, name one Ranma 12 fic you've written." Bob replied.

>"Well...uhm...ummm...I have a lot in the works."
" But how many have you posted?"

>"None." I said with my head hung down in shame.
"My point exactly, besides most people don't have any idea what the heck Ranma 1/2 is. Couldn't you not write fics about something more well known? Like Buffy the Vampire Slayer, or Gundam Wing, or Harry Pott--?" I lunged at Bob my hand slowly squeezing his neck.

>"If you say that name, what I did to the Ellimist, Crayak, and Drode in The Cliche 1-6 (*shameless plug) will look like a kiddie show compared to what I'll do to you." I threatened.
"You can't kill me I'm the source of your popularity. All though I'm still a little pissed that I wasn't in the cliché 6." Bob said cockily.

>" Yes but you're in this one, and this is the last original cliché fic. It's not like I have to write you into the sequel." I explained.
"Wasn't number 5 suppose to be the last one?" Bob asked.

>"Yeah so...?"
"And then you said number 6 was going to be your last one, didn't you?"

>"So what are you trying to say?" I asked
"Nothing, nevermind."

>"Why, I could kill and torture eall the animorphs if I wanted to." I explained.
"Oh please like that hasn't been done to death." Bob quipped.

>"Hello, we're in a self-insertion fic. We're all ready breaking one of the cliché rules." I shot back.
"Heh, heh, plus this story has the word cliché in the title, so there's another one." Bob laughed.

>"SCREW YOU BOB! I WROTE THE ORIGINAL CLICHE!! THOSE WRITERS WOULD STILL BE WRITING SONGFICS IF IT WASN'T FOR ME!"
"Oh good one, Steve-0. Piss off the people who reviewing your fic. You're just begging for flames now"

>"That does it! Come here you smartass, imaginary custodian!" While the eightball rattled around from our brawl, it was able to catch the attention of three fanfic writers. The eight ball rolled by and hit Icella in the foot.
"Ouch!"

>"What is it Icella?" Meridian asked.
"This eight ball hit me in the foot, and it has a man, and a janitor in it." Icella replied.

>"Oh please, that sounds like something Steve-0 would write about." Kyra said. "Wait a minute, that's Steve-0 in there! Steve-0 how did you get in there?" I shrugged. "Something about lawyers, and writing bad fanfiction, and Harry Potter. Could you let me out of here?"
"No." Meridian said.

>"No?" I asked confused.
"Yeah why don't you get one of those

authors you put in your last story or the Cliche 5 to let you out?" Icella said icily.

>"Because none of them are around. D'oh! I mean because I really want you guys to be in my last cliché story." I explained.
"Nice save there swift." Bob said. Kyra released us quickly by rubbing the eightball. I dusted myself off, and looked around to find myself in the middle of a war zone.

>"What happened to this place?" I asked while watching the body count rise.
"Fanfic War." Icella explained picking up her "Flame" thrower.

>"Fanfic war?" Bob asked. "See what happens when writers don't have any adult supervision!" Bob smacked me in the head with his Universal mop.
"Ow! It's not my fault, and stop calling me an adult you make me feel old!" I exclaimed.

>"YOU ARE OLD!!!" Bob yelled back.
"Steve-0, is it really you?" Brat girl asked. "Hey girls Steve-0's back!" Brat girl whistled for the Steve-0 fan club.

>"Steve-0 fan club? Somebody's looking for an ego boost. Aren't you married to Fishie?" Bob reminded me.
"Honeyyyyyyy!" Fishie glomped on to me.

>"ACK! Listen Fishie you're a sweet girl and everything, but they have certain laws against this kind of union." I weakly explained.
"Yeah so hands off, hussy!" Pinto yelled. "Thank God, you're back with us Steve-0. Something really bad is happening in Animorph land." She went on to explain.

>"What did K.A. A. do an AnimorphsEverworld crossover? Bwahahahahahahaha! You get it? Because the Everworld story is really bad? Huh? huh? Y-you get it?" I'm losing my touch.

>"I could have told you that." Bob quipped.
"Damnit Bob! Stop reading my mind!" I snarled.

>"I didn't you were talking in Andalite thought speech...again." Bob returned.
"Well you two stop fighting this is serious!" Andalite girl yelled.

>"You mean this war? Please it's nothing that a few fanfics and a peace treaty couldn't fix. Hey you guys remember CobraGirl? They should do a 'Where are they now?' on her."
"He doesn't have much of an attention span, does he?" Veggie Freak noted.

>"Of course he doesn't have you read any of his stories, they're harder to follow than a blind, one-legged lemming." Icella noted. Paige Collins sighed and put her hands on my shoulders.
"Look, Steve-0, this is really important. The Animorph section of fanfiction.net is in a lot of trouble, and we need your help." She told me sweet, slow, yet condescending tone.

>"You guys must be in a lot of trouble if you're looking to Steve-0 for help."
"SHUT UP BOB!" I yelled. "What about the other VIWs. I mean there are like fifty-some VIWs out there including you guys, who have written a lot more stories than I have, and are still writing. Why me?" I asked. Just then a huge limo pulled up onto the battlefield. Rhi, Bob Elder, Forlay, ~Utahraptor ;), DMP, Aniblaire, Checkers, Joltz, Dark_One_,and Nighteyes emptied out in a huge tangle of authors.

>"Because all of us or smart enough not to accept a suicide mission." D.M.P. said. Rhi elbowed her in the ribs.
"What she means is we believe that only the greatest parody writer in the world can help us." Rhi informed me. I blushed slightly.

>"Well that is true..." I said humbly. Paige rolls her eyes. "What do you need me to do?" I asked.
"Kill K.A. Applegate." Ruby said as her eyes glow red. Everyone looked at her with shock and confusion. "Umm...Ruby the objective was to get K.A. Applegate to continue the series not kill her." Aniblaire corrected.

[illegible]

>"Nothing." Pinto said.
"Why don't I have any lines in this story?" Bob_Elder asked.
>"Because two talking Bob's would get to confusing for Steve-0's small mind to keep track of." Bob the Universal Janitor replied. Steve-0 finally escaped Forlay's and Andalite Girl's clutches.
HMMM WE NEED MORE WRITERS.
>Poof! Tearz of Pearls, Noname, queen animorph, Aquaian Godess , Teague(If your reading this and don't see your name add it here.) and appear
I DON'T REALLY HAVE ANY USE FOR YOU I'M JUST MAKING UP FOR ALL THE WRITERS I'VE NEGLECTED IN THE PAST. WELL I'M OFF, BUT BEFORE I GO I HAVE TO GET SOMETHING OFF MY CHEST. FORLAY, YOU AND ANIBLAIRE MAKE A REAL CUTE COUPLE YOU SHOULD REALLY HOOK UP.
>As I walked off into the sunset I heard a bomb drop, and the war start up again.
KIDS I sighed to myself.
>Hello, Steve-0. A voice erupted in my head as a small bird flew over my head.
"Long time no see." Jake said.
>"Not long enough." Marco grumped.
"Now, Marco, we promised we would try to get along with Steve-0 this time." Cassie scolded.

>"Talleyho! This is nuts. How can we strike a compromise with this overgrown kid. I still haven't forgiven him for this stupid catch phrase.
UMM WHO ARE YOU?
>We're the Animorphs. Ax stated.
WHO?
>"Christ this is a self-insertion fic. I forgot we usually get bit parts in these things. If we get mentioned at all. (cough cough Cliche 6 cough cough.)" Marco said.
MARCO, MY OLD NEMESIS.
>"How can I be your nemesis? I'm a fictional character! Look pal, this isn't a social call we're here because for once, and only this once we need your help."
OK WHAT'S UP?
>"Why do I feel we just struck a deal with David?" Rachel asked
TO BE CONTINUED IN...
>CLICHE 7 Part 2
Autor's Note: Due to the fact that I'm temporarily dyslexic the author's note is now at the end of the story instead of the beginning.
>Here's my disclaimer. Animorphs and Everworld belong to K.A. Applegate and her army of ghost writers. Harry Potter belongs to Lucifer,
the dark ruler of the Underworld, Bob the Universal Janitor is mine, the eightball is mine and the word cliché is mine! The authors and
>their ideas are their own. Star Wars is George Lucas. Pokemon is a subliminal technique thought up by the Japanese government
in order to enslave the youth of America. Ranma 1/2 belongs to our beloved Rumiko Takahashi.
>Recommended reading
Pure Insanity by D.M.P.
>The Pregnancy by Andalite Girl
The Cliche by Steve-0

8. The Cliche 7 part 2

The Cliché 7 part 2

>"In other words the sequel to cliché 7"

>Author's Note: Please excuse Steve-0 from gym class he has been having irregular bowel
movement, the fitness test will cause a great deal of embarrassment.
>Signed
Steve-0's Mom.
>
"My name is Bob, my boss is Steve-0, well he's not really my boss he's just some slacker
>college student who is trying to make a comeback with a series that wasn't that popular to begin
with."
>"Screw you Bob!!! I never said you could be the host of this story!

It's only proper that I host
this story since this is..."

>"...The last cliché. Yeah, yeah, yeah I've been hearing that since the cliché part 5. Face it,
Steve-0, ham-a-holic. You don't even read the series anymore."

>"Shhhh, ok, ok, you tell the story, just don't tell anyone I haven't read a book since The
Experiment."

>Good. First off let me apologize to Forlay and Andalite Girl, we didn't mean to say you weren't
creative because you write incest stories. If you remember the true objective of the cliché stories

>is to parodize some of the most outlandish storylines in the section. Steve-0 actually a big fan of
both of your works.

>"Look Bob, if we spend all our time apologizing to all the people we might have offended we'll
be here all night."

>Quiet Steve-0. Now when we last left off Steve-0 was charged with a quest by the V.I.W's to
get K.A.A. to keep writing her series. I'm not sure why he accepted since he doesn't read the

>books anymore.
"Shut up Bob!"

>Can it you overgrown kid. The animorphs decided to strike an unholy alliance with Steve-0 so
they don't end up unemployed. We now leave our heroes, and Steve-0 in front of the

>Scholastic Publications building in a major city.
"Okay, Jake what's the plan?" Steve-0 asked.

>"Me? You're the oldest, you're in charge!" Jake yelled.
I'm not calling him Prince Steve-0. Ax said.

>"Right, well first we need to get past security.

Rachel?"
"Talleyho!" Rachel said as she ran up to tackle the security guard.

>"Ahhhh! A zombie!" The guard yelled, pulled out his gun, and killed Rachel again. Tobias flew
to her side, turned his head towards Steve-0, and said, Does this mean I'm free to date

>Melissa Chapman?"
"Grrr...never send a corpse to do a fanfic writers job." Steve-0 grumbled and went up to the

>guard. "Excuse me, sir, I have an appointment."
"Go right ahead sir, but your kids will have to wait outside." The guard informed.

>"They're not my kids!" He yelled and headed inside. A older woman greeted us with a big
phony smile.

>"Hello sir, may I help you?" She asked.
"Yes, my name is Steve-0."

>"That guy from that Jackass show on MTV?" She asked.
"No! That dirty little bastard stole my name! Damnit, I'm a writer, not a guy who inhales worms

>up his nose!"
"Did you say you're a writer?"

>"Um...yes." Steve-0 said meekly.
"Fantastic! The ghost writer's union went on strike, and we need to put out the next

>Everworld." The assistant exclaimed.
"I don't have any experience in professional writing." Steve-0 said

>"Experience? Why would you need experience?" The assistant said and handed him an access
card. "Here, go take this to the top floor and speak to K.A. Applegate for a debriefing of the

>story." Never one to look a huge plot hole in the mouth Steve-0 seized the opportunity.
K.A. Applegate's office door was a huge and emerald colored. Steve-0 knocked softly, and a

>smaller door opened up high above us, and something's head popped out.
"Drode!?!!" We exclaimed.

>"What do you want?" The Drode asked tempermentally.
"How many times have I killed you in this series?" Steve-0 asked.

>"Twice."
"What are you doing here?" I asked.
>"I'm K.A.'s receptionist, and a running gag. How can I help you?"
"I'm here to see the writer." Steve-0 said.
>"Nobody gets in to see the writer. Not nobody, not no thing, not no how." The Drode said in a
munchkin voice.
>"Grrrr...I'm pressed for time." Steve-0 waved his pokeball and wiped he Drode from
exsistence. I reminded him that if he just would have shown the access card he would have
>probably let us in.
"Nobody quotes the Wizard of Oz in my stories." Steve-0 said as he kicked in the door. We entered the office and were greeted by a giant flaming head.
>WHO DARES TO DISTURB THE GREAT AND POWERFUL WRITER.
"You were saying?" I asked.
>"Shut up Bob. Excuse me, most honorable creator of the Animorphs." Steve-0 started.
DON'T FORGET EVERWORLD.
>"I couldn't if I tried." Steve-0 said acidically. "I'm Steve-0, a fanfic writer on fanfiction.net."
OH YEAH YOU WRITE THOSE SILLY CLICHÉ% STORIES.
>"I'm honored that you are familiar with my work."
GOD ARE THOSE STORIES CRAP! HAVE YOU EVER HEARD OF PROOFREADING?
>"Hey!"
WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE?
>"Well the other writers and I wish you would reconsider retiring the Animorph series, because if they won't have anything to write about, and if they don't have anything to write about, I won't have anything to write about."
HMMM...YOU BRING FORTH AN INTERESTING CASE.

>"So you'll reconsider?"
NO.
>"Hey you dirty, ingrate, it's your fans who made you who you are today." Steve-0 yelled launching himself through the flaming head with fists of fury. Only to find that the head was a hologram and the only thing behind it was a blonde woman sitting behind a desk.
PAY NO ATTENTION TO THE WOMAN BEHIND THE DESK! The woman said into the microphone.
>"Hey I know you. You played Kelly Bundy on Married with Children, and you were also that one chick from Don't Tell Mom the Babysitter's Dead, plus you played Jesse on that old NBC sitcom...what was it called."
JESSE.
>"No what was the name of the show?"
JESSE.
>"Yeah I know you played Jesse. What was the name of the show?"
JESSE! WELL I GUESS YOU KNOW MY SECRET, K.A. Applegate IS SHORT FOR KRISTINA A. APPLGATE. I STARTED WRITING BECAUSE I'M A WASHED ACTRESS AND NOW THAT I'M POPULAR AGAIN I'M GETTING BACK INTO SHOWBUSINESS. Steve-0 got a determined look in his eyes and pulled out his pokeball.
>"I can't let you do this. It's a crime your ending the Animorph series, but it's an even bigger crime to for you to attempt acting again. Bob the Universal Janitor I choose you!"
"I'm right here Steve-0. It only works if you summon something that's not already around." I informed him.
>"Right. Marco I choose you!" I yelled and the little Mexican boy appeared out of the ball.
"Me? Why me? We hate each other." Marco asked.
>"We do, which is why I don't care if you get killed in battle." K reached into her pocket and pulled out a magic 8-ball.
"Steve-1 I choose you!"
>"Hey you can't choose Steve-1! He's my creation!" I whined as the dopey Andalite clone appeared.
WHY NOT YOU RIP OFF MY CREATIONS ALL THE TIME!
>Marco easily got rid of Steve-1 by morphing a virus-infected

monkey.
OH DAMNIT! YOU BEAT ME.

>"That's why you shouldn't rip off other peoples ideas. So now that I beat you in a fair fight I guess you'll keep writing." Steve-0 said.
NO I THINK I'LL HAVE SECURITY ESCORT YOU OUT INSTEAD. K.A.A. said as she pressed a button, and before we knew it Steve-0 and I were being manhandled out of the Scholastic building.

>"Well?" Jake asked expectantly.
"No dice, Steve-0 messed up. Your careers are dead." I informed a disheartened Animorphs.

>"Or maybe not, you see I learned something today. The purpose of fanfiction is to keep ongoing stories going. So even if a story or tv show gets canceled. It never really dies because it stays alive in the hearts and creative minds of the fans." Steve-0 said while some cheesy piano music played in the background.
"He's right." Cassie said.

>"Yeah, but even so we still won't be getting paid." Marco pointed out.
Good point, let's kill him. Ax said as they all morphed battle morphs.

>"Magic pokeball do your stuff." A panicked Steve-0 cried and threw down the ball. We reappeared somewhere in Ohio.
"Well that was fun." I said sarcastically.

>"Yes, but it's still missing something." Steve-0 said.
"Hello friends, I'm Harry Potter." A nerdy kid with glasses said as he appeared out of nowhere. Steve-0 closed his eyes and thought really hard. The kid looked somewhat confused as he sensed a large shadow above him. He looked up only to be crushed by a giant statue of the number 13/4.

>"That's better." Steve-0 smiled.
"So what do we do now?" I asked.

>"I don't know about you, but I'm going to find my Magic 8-ball."
THE END?

>Animorphs are property of Scholastic books and K.A.A. No money was made in writing this parody, and no monkey were harmed either. <div>

End
file.